Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : : MISSOURI

THE WORLD AND ITS WARS.

Men hurl their bombs across the bays,
The hills give back the cannon's roar;
With eager eyes the gunners gaze
Upon the havoc wrought ashore;
The warship's decks are red with blood,
And on the swollen river's banks,
Prepared to breast the angry flood,
Are soldiers massed in mighty ranks—
But in the dell
The slim harebell
Will rise, ere long, to court the breeze
As if o'er all of God's bright world
The battle flags were softly furled
And white sails dotted placid seas.

Stark forms in frozen trenches lie,
The roll of drums is on the air;
Men hurry on to kill or die,
Inspired by the trumpets' blare;
The work of years is battered down,
And stricken people leave in haste
Their hard-won homes back in the town
That soon shall be a smoking waste—
But in the glens
And on the fens
The nestlings still shall try their wings;
The violet and buttercup
Will soon be gladly waking up
To sip the dew that morning brings.

O many a wretched mother stands
And gazes out through tearful eyes,
And many a father wrings his hands
And many a heart-sore maiden sighs;
Gray sorrow broods o'er many a cot
Where glad contentment was before,
Where children listen, knowing not
Why some one's step is heard no more—
But on the hills
The daffodils
And dandelions still shall glow,
As if the men who rush to slay
Were merely making holiday,
And all were brothers here below.

The anxious millions watch and wait,
Prepared to meet in deadly strife;
They give each other looks of hate,
And blood is cheap and war is rife;
The nations ache to glut their greed,
By lust of power kings are swayed,
And men are sent to kill or bleed
That other men may swell their trade—
But still the spring
Shall sweetly bring
The glad, fresh fragrance and the bloom,
As if the Lord above knew not
That there is havoc to be wrought
So that the selfish may have room.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A CASE OF OBEDIENCE.

BY ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS.

IT was half-past nine and Maria Ellen had just come in from the Wednesday evening prayer meeting. She stood by the door, pulling off her red knit mittens, then used one of them to brush a few flakes of snow from her shoulders.

"It's snowing some," she said.

Mrs. Turner looked up from her sewing and gave her daughter a keen glance. There was something in the tone of Maria Ellen's voice that spoke plainer than words to the woman in the rocking chair.

"Henry says it hasn't snowed so early as this for some years—"

The girl stopped suddenly. She had not meant to speak that name, but it was too late now.

"Did Henry Watson come home with you?" asked Mrs. Turner, sharply.

"Yes, mother."

"That's what I thought. What have I told you about him?"

There was no reply from Maria Ellen, who was hanging her hat and coat on one of the hooks behind the door that opened into the adjoining bedroom.

"Do you hear? Ain't I told you enough times that I don't want you to let Henry Watson pay you any attention?"

"Yes, mother, but—"

"There ain't no 'buts' about it. You've got to do as I say. Where was Elder Burrows? You might have rode home in his buggy, just as like as not."

"I didn't want to ride in Elder Burrows' buggy, nor have anything to do with him. He didn't ask me, anyway."

"You didn't give him a chance, most likely. I ain't goin' t' have you throw away such a chance as that. You won't get a man like Sam Burrows every day. He owns the finest farm in this county, 'n' money in the bank. You could get him just as well as not, if you wa'n't so contrary. I'd like t' know what you're thinkin' of. Poor's we are! It makes me want t' shake you, sometimes."

Maria Ellen knew that it never did any good to argue with her mother, but she could not refrain from making at least a feeble defense.

"I don't care how much he's worth, mother, I don't think you ought to expect me to sell myself. I couldn't do it."

"Sell yourself! I guess you'd be gett'n' the best of the bargain."

"Mother! how can you say that? Mr. Burrows is over 50 years old and a widower with two children, while I'm only 19. I don't see how you can want me to sacrifice myself by marrying him."

"Oh, you've got Henry Watson on the brain, that's what's the matter. Huh! It's his red cheeks and curly black mustache, I suppose. What's he got t' offer y'? Eight or nine dollars a week as clerk in a grocery. You make me provoked, Maria Ellen. I always hoped you'd have some sense."

"That's what I want you to have, mother, and—"

"There! you needn't sauce your own mother. When it comes t' that, it's time t' stop. You go t' bed."

"But, mother, I—"

"I said for you t' go to bed. You mind."

Maria Ellen took the lamp from the clockshelf and went upstairs without another word. She slept up there and her mother occupied the little room adjoining the sitting-room. The affection which this mother and daughter felt for each other was seldom expressed in word or deed. It wasn't their way. In some characters, sentiment is hidden under a practical exterior apparently indifferent to the warm throbs of love and tenderness; but there are springs of affection in every breast, though it may require some rare process to reveal them, and in Mrs. Turner's inmost heart was a love for her only child which was shown most of all in the ambition which she had in seeking her temporal welfare. She would not willingly have marred the girl's happiness, but she thought that she knew what was for her good and where her future happiness lay. They were poor, owning only the tiny house in which they lived and a patch of a garden, to which was added what they could make doing modest dressmaking for their neighbors.

Elder Samuel Burrows, it was not incorrectly thought, was on the lookout for a second wife. It was supposed that the elder would have no difficulty in finding a woman willing to live in his handsome house and act as mother to his boy and girl, aged respectively seven and four years. It was only gossip, as yet, as to whom the fortunate second Mrs. Burrows would be. He had called several times, as the whole neighborhood knew, at the Widow Turner's, and had taken particular pains to smile upon Maria Ellen whenever he met her out. Mrs. Turner, therefore, had spared no opportunity to thrust her daughter upon him, although the girl herself treated him with bare civility and rebelled at her mother's scheming.

Thursday morning the ground was white with snow, though it was not deep enough to prevent Maria Ellen starting out early in the forenoon to walk to the village, a distance of more than a mile. She had an errand at the store, and she was not one to falter at a mild snowstorm. Before she started for home, however, it was snowing faster and when she reached the open road that led from the village out into the open farming country where her home was situated she felt a strong wind in her face and found that the roads were drifting badly. But she trudged bravely along, for she was strong and healthy, and she liked the touch of the soft snow flakes on her cheeks. Walking soon began to be laborious, however, and she was not a third of the way home when she paused, panting, and leaned for several moments against the crooked old rail fence that ran alongside the road.

The ground had been in that hard, frozen condition that permits the fresh snow to pack down and make good sleighing at once, and Maria Ellen had just started on again when she heard the jingle of sleighbells behind her. She stepped to one side of the road to let the vehicle pass, when she heard a sudden "Whoa!" and a horse almost rubbed against her as it stopped close at her side. She looked around and saw Elder Burrows sitting in his fine new cutter. His face was ruddy from the snow and wind and beaming with satisfaction and good nature. He smiled genially down upon the girl standing in the white drift and moved to one side of the seat, holding up the buffalo robe with an air of invitation.

"Well, well," he said, "how lucky I happened to come along! Get right in, Maria Ellen, and I'll give you a lift toward home. I was going right your way."

Maria Ellen had a suspicion that he hadn't "happened along" at all, and she resented his familiarity in calling her "Maria Ellen," as if he had a perfect right to do so.

"Thank you," she replied, "but I'd just as soon walk."

"Walk? The idea! I guess not. In all this snow," cried the elder, "when you can just as well ride, all snug and warm. Come, come, hop in!"

And Maria Ellen stepped in. She felt that she could not refuse without open rudeness, and, besides, she was really glad of the chance to ride. But as she sat down on the warmly cushioned seat and the elder tucked the robe about her she made a firm resolve that she would not give him an opportunity to say the words which she felt sure he was intending to speak.

The horse sped along, the cutter slid smoothly over the white surface of the road and the snow flew into the faces of the two behind the big fur robe. Maria Ellen held up her old-fashioned muff, a relic of her mother's girlhood, to shield her face and eyes. The elder put his arm around her to draw the robe closer about her form. She drew away from him, almost with a gesture of resentment.

"What's the matter?" he said. "Do you want to freeze to death? I can't allow that, you know. You're too precious."

He looked around, smiling down into her face.

"How do you like my new rig?" he asked.

"It's very nice, Mr. Burrows," replied Maria Ellen.

"Fine horse, that. How'd you like to have such a rig to ride in whenever you wanted to?"

"I—I don't know."

"Don't know? Pshaw, I'll bet you'd like it. And—er—say, how do you think you'd like to live at my house?"

He certainly was abrupt enough, and his words fairly took Maria Ellen's breath. She was for an instant too frightened to reply.

"Well, how would you, little girl?"

Then she found words.

"It is very kind of you to think of such a thing, Mr. Burrows," she began, "and I know you have a lovely home, and I think the children are very nice, and—and I appreciate it, but—Oh, I've dropped my muff!"

Either in her excitement, or as a ruse to gain time and perhaps cause the elder to change the subject, she had let her muff fall from her hands into the road, where it was left some distance behind. He stopped the horse, jumped out and restored the lost article to her.

"I'm sorry to have made you so much trouble. Thank you."

"It wasn't a bit of trouble."

Then, before he could say anything further, she began to rattle on about one thing and another, and kept it up until they were in sight of her home. As the horse stopped by their gate, Maria Ellen saw her mother looking out of the window at them, and she knew that there was joy and satisfaction in the proud woman's heart.

Mrs. Turner could not hide her happy smile, as she took her daughter's coat and hung it over a chair by the stove to dry.

"Well, I must say you rode home in style that time," she said. "How did it happen?"

"He overtook me on the road."

"Wasn't that lucky? Well—did he say—a—anything?"

"Of course, several things. We talked a good deal."

"Now, Maria Ellen, you know what I mean. Did he come to the point?"

"Mother, I wish you wouldn't. No, he did not, and I would have refused him if he had."

"Maria Ellen Turner, if you had you'd 'a' broke my heart! You know how I feel about this. Now I've got through coaxin', and I command. If Elder Burrows proposes t' you, don't you dare t' refuse him."

"Mother!"

"I mean it. If you do, you'll make me almost hate you. That's a hard thing t' say, I know, but it 'd be more than I could stand, seein' you throw away such a chance as that. I'm goin' t' have my way, b'cause I know you'll thank me for it afterwards. Promise me, Maria Ellen, that you won't say 'No' t' the elder if he asks you t' marry him."

"I can't promise that, mother. I don't love him."

"Love! Silly nonsense! He's a good man, he'll be kind to you; he'd make you love him. And see how rich he is! Maria Ellen, you say you'll have him!"

Maria Ellen looked at her mother's wildly anxious face, almost frightened. She fell into a chair, sobbing, with her face in her hands. Her mother did not soften, even at those tears. She believed she was acting for her daughter's good and happiness, and she intended to conquer. She waited a moment, then she brought forth her strongest arguments.

"We're poor, Maria Ellen. Here's the winter comin' on; there ain't prospects of hardly any sewin'; we ain't got anything in for winter much, and I ain't got a decent thing to wear. That's why I don't go out more than I do, t' church or anywheres. Where're we goin' t' get food 'n' clothes, I'd like t' know? D' you want t' freeze 'n' starve? I never supposed you'd be that kind of a daughter to me!"

Then Mrs. Turner herself sat down and cried. Maria Ellen dried her own tears and got up. She looked at her mother a moment in silence, then she said:

"Mother, see here. Do you want me to marry Elder Burrows, knowing as you do that I—I love another? You know I do. The question is, do you want me to wreck my happiness and his, too, just for a nice home and a little money?"

"I'm only wantin' what I know is for your own good, Maria Ellen, and what I know you'll thank me for afterwards. Goodness only knows what'll become of us if you don't marry him; I don't."

Then Mrs. Turner fell to sobbing again. She knew how to play the winning hand with her daughter, and when to play her trump card. Maria Ellen turned a white set face toward her.

"Then I'll marry him," she said.

"You will, Maria Ellen? You'll have the elder?"

"If he asks me, yes. For your sake. I can't stand it, mother, to have you think me ungrateful and unwilling to make a sacrifice for you. We won't say any more about it."

"Oh, you make me so happy!" cried her mother. She would have kissed her daughter then, so grateful was she for the longed-for consent, but the girl gave her no opportunity, going quickly upstairs without another word.

Nothing further was said about the matter, but Mrs. Turner could not conceal her satisfaction, while Maria Ellen went about with a pale face, on which was the determined look of martyrdom.

The next evening Elder Burrows called. Maria Ellen was upstairs and her mother received him beamingly.

"Set right down, elder," she said, "while I slip in and light the fire in the other room."

There was a wood stove in the room, and the fire was soon throwing out a comfortable heat.

"I'll call Maria Ellen," said Mrs. Turner. "She'll come right down."

"Never mind," replied the elder. "What's the hurry?"

"Well, I s'pose it ain't hardly warm enough in the other room yet. I let Maria Ellen have her company in there."

"Oh, you do?"

"Yes. I might be in the way, you know."

"Not in my opinion," said the elder, in a tone which caused the widow to look at him in surprise. "I want to keep you right close to me all the time. Are you willing?"

"Well, I s'pose I'll have t' go where Maria Ellen does, and I'm as willin' as can be, elder, if you are, and thank you for the chance. It's her happiness I'm thinkin' of."

"Why, yes, of course, Maria Ellen shall live with us till she finds a good husband of her own."

"What?"

The widow fairly sprang out of her chair in her surprise.

"Don't you mean you want to marry Maria Ellen?" she cried.

"Maria Ellen?" said the elder. "That little girl? Well, no, I hadn't thought of it. It's you I want to marry. I thought you understood."

"And all the time—"

A few minutes later there was a knock on the outside door and the widow and her elderly admirer suddenly pushed their chairs a little further apart. There was something very like a girlish blush on the woman's cheeks, as she went and opened the door.

Maria Ellen was in her room, waiting the summons which she dreaded. She felt that she was about to throw away all the happiness she had ever hoped to have, but she would do it unflinchingly. She heard her mother call her and she walked firmly down the stairs. Her mother was waiting for her at the foot, and in the rocking chair over by the table sat Elder Burrows. He rose as he saw her.

"Maria Ellen," began her mother, "I—the elder—he would like to have you kiss him, I guess."

"Yes, little girl," said the elder, "kiss me. I'm going to be your father, you know."

"My father?"

"Yes, Maria Ellen, it—it was me he wanted, all the time."

Maria Ellen seemed unable to comprehend what she had heard, for a moment, then a great wave of joy swept over her and she went up to the elder and kissed him with all a daughter's tenderness.

"I'm so glad!" she cried.

"Well, so are we," said her mother.—Detroit Free Press.

CARE OF SOLDIERS' TEETH.

Necessary Precaution to Keep the Men in Good Health and Fighting Condition.

After much study, the British war office has appointed eight dental surgeons who are to aid in "maintaining the courage and the temper of the army." Interesting as is the announcement, England is considerably behind the United States in learning the importance of caring for soldiers' teeth.

In the first place states the New York Times, we have had these important adjuncts to the medical corps since Februtry 2, 1901, when the law officially creating them was passed. The law stipulated that there should be one dentist for every 1,000 soldiers and officers. As the law has been in force for over three years, and the wisdom of its passage has become daily more manifest, the limit of the number of dentists allowed for the army is already nearly reached.

In this country a secondary consideration, quite naturally following the first, has bobbed up—an effort on the part of the dentists to be admitted into the army as commissioned officers. At the present time they are merely legalized aids to the medical corps under the jurisdiction of the army surgeons.

When Gen. Miles signed the order for the appointment of dentists it had been discovered that however well the natives of the Philippines and Cuba preserved their teeth in warm climates our soldiers suffered severely. As soon as a regiment reached the tropics its officers and men began to have trouble with their teeth.

The trouble, however, was the result of intestinal disorders. The medical men who were behind the bill creating the dentists understood this, and useful as the dentists are to any army in any land, they have proved especially so to American soldiers, because of the new possessions and the physical ailments following upon their arrival there.

While the law stipulated that not more than one dentist for every 1,000 soldiers should be appointed, it allowed them to be sent in whatever quota was deemed necessary to whatever points needed them most. As a result we now have in Cuba and the Philippines a regular army of scientists, so large as to put to shame the recent appointment of eight tooth doctors of the United Kingdom.

So important is this army department that it seems surprising how it has remained to be established until so recent a date. Army officers declare with one voice that there is no such thing as a courageous fighting force with bad teeth, but it is a solemn truth to which the powers of the world seem just waking up.

"I think that most people will agree," said an army surgeon the other day, "that dyspepsia is not conducive to gallantry and dash. With your heart beating violently, your head in a whirl and your stomach affected as by the heaving sea, you cannot expect your nerves to be in a condition proper for successful action in modern warfare. For that a man must be absolutely fit. If the soldier's teeth are bad, and he is inclined to dyspepsia in peace and comfort, what will he be when his meals are rough and irregular? Unless 'molars' and 'grinders' are in good order, it must mean that before long the man will be permanently on the sick list.

"As a matter of fact, it is quite appalling how many would-be recruits have to be refused because of the condition of their teeth, and the war office in this country, as well as the one in England, is to be congratulated upon the steps it is taking to insure good teeth in soldiers. The common adage, 'No foot, no horse,' might well be paraphrased into 'no teeth, no man.'

"While not abreast of us in the matter of army dentists, Great Britain is a step in advance of us in that it is as I understand, going to the fountain head in the matter, and is trying to enforce a law which requires the examination of the teeth of boys in boarding schools. In teeth, as in everything else, the boy is the father of the man. A generation bred from dyspeptics means a people whose shattered constitutions will crowd our hospitals and asylums. The strain of modern existence is often put down as the sole cause of modern lunacy. It is, no doubt, a contributing factor, but I believe very much of it is due to neglected teeth, accentuated in two or three generations.

"I attribute a vast percentage of the deterioration in the national physique in England, about which so much has been said, to bad teeth. Were I a multimillionaire I would found more dental hospitals instead of libraries."

In Sunny Ceylon.

Adam's Peak, the most conspicuous mountain in Ceylon, is one of the world's sacred mountains. Every year thousands of Buddhist pilgrims toil up its steep sides to "acquire merit" by reaching the summit. The "Shadow of the Peak," which is seen at sunrise in certain favorable conditions of the atmosphere, is a curious natural phenomenon. An enormous elongated shadow of the mountain is projected to the westward, not only over the land, but also over the sea, to a distance of seventy or eighty miles. As the sun mounts higher the shadow rapidly approaches the mountain and appears to rise in the form of a gigantic pyramid.—London Tit-Bits.

The Fresh Office Boy.

Bookkeeper—Anything new at the office to-day? I thought I heard a row when I came in.

Private Secretary—That was only the boss firing the new office boy. He sprung a new suit and he heard the kid ask me if I thought he got a ball and bat with it. —Indianapolis News.

Bear for Ship's Mascot.

While some of the warships have a domestic animal like a dog or a cat, or even a goat for a mascot, the Chicago has secured a black, wooly bear. The beast is quite tame, is well trained and seems to thoroughly enjoy his strange nautical life.

Caution.

"Have you called on the new clergyman's wife yet?"

"No; but I expect to soon. I don't want to have to tell her who my dressmaker is until after I get my spring sewing done."—N. Y. Herald.

"ROOM FOR ALL, IF THEY'RE CAREFUL."

MOST OUTRAGEOUS BURDEN

Tariff-Cursed Wool Industry Is a Fine Sample of Republican Love of Big Trusts.

Of the many foolish, injurious and even outrageous tariff taxes levied by the Dingley bill, none, perhaps, does a greater amount of harm to all, and a smaller amount of good to a few, than do those levied on wool and woolens.

This tax, averaging nearly 100 per cent. on both raw wool and on woolen goods, increases the cost of woolen clothes by nearly 100 per cent., reduces the amount of wool consumed by about half; compels the general use of cotton, shoddy and other cheap substitutes and adulterants, instead of wool; compels working men with ordinary incomes to wear inferior and improper clothing in winter, and is responsible for much of the pneumonia and other diseases that carry off such a large percentage of our northern population every year.

This tax on wool and woolens is, besides, a heavy burden upon the woolen manufacturing industry, which is now languishing, and is comparatively stagnant and unprofitable. Neither has it, apparently, benefited the wool growing industry, for fewer pounds of wool are produced now than either 10 or 20 years ago, while the number of sheep is about the same now as then.

The only real prosperity enjoyed by the woolen industry for more than 30 years was during the three years of free wool under the Wilson bill. During this period our woolen mills manufactured more yards of woolens than ever before or since, and the per capita consumption of wool increased greatly, and was then about 60 per cent. greater than it has since been.

The duties of wool vary from 4 to 12 cents per pound on raw wool, to 33 to 36 cents on scoured wool. Duties on woolen goods vary greatly. Generally speaking, they are three or four times as much per pound as upon an equal number of pounds of raw wool, and, in addition, from 30 to 55 per cent. ad valorem. The duties on raw clothing wool may be considered as 11 cents per pound, on woolen clothes, at 44 cents per pound, and 50 per cent., and on clothing, 44 cents per pound and 55 per cent. The duty collected on imported wool last year was 35 per cent. of the value of the wool, and that collected on woolen goods was equal to 91 per cent. of their value.

As these, like all other specific or partly specific duties, are higher on cheap than on expensive goods, it is evident that they will average about 100 per cent. on ordinary woolen goods. As about 40 per cent. of the wool consumed in this country comes from abroad, and, therefore, is nearly doubled in value by the tariff duties, it is evident that the tariff must increase the value of most woolens sold here by nearly 100 per cent.

The total value at retail of all woolen goods and clothing sold in this country is probably about $600,000,000 a year. It is safe to say that $150,000,000 of this amount is due to the tariff duties on wool and woolens. This is an average of about nine dollars per family for our whole population.

The total value of all the sheep in the country on January 1, 1904, was estimated at only $123,530,099, and the value of the wool clip for the year 1903 at $58,775,373, or only about one-third the tariff cost of woolens.

But not more than half of the price of wool (probably not one-fifth) can be credited to the duty on raw wool. Therefore, in order to grant a protection bonus of from $10,000,000 to $30,000,000 a year to our wool growers, we tax all families an average of nine dollars per family, in order that we may confer a tariff benefit which cannot possibly exceed two dollars, and which probably does not exceed 75 cents per family. But, as one-half of this protection bonus most certainly goes to less than 200,000 of the big ranchmen of Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico, who produce more than one-half the wool grown in this country, the average for all the other families cannot exceed one dollar, and probably does not exceed 40 cents per family.

How the Farmer Is Robbed.

If the farmer had to set aside a part of his produce and deliver it to the tariff beneficiaries, he would think he was robbed, and be up in arms. Yet that is virtually what the farmer does. He sells his produce at the price the trusts set on it, or at prices fixed in the open markets of the world. When he buys he pays a certain portion of his produce to the trusts and monopolists in excess of what their goods are worth, and in nearly everything he buys there is also the tariff tax, to the government, added. The protection the tariff gives the trusts plunders the farmer both ways, and also indirectly increases the railroad rates that have been raised, to match the increased cost of living. If the portion of the farmers' produce that all these beneficiaries of the tariff exact were piled up alongside of the portion the farmer retains for himself, it is a question which pile would be greater.

MAKING A TARIFF PLANK.

A Task That Is Giving the Managers of the G. O. P. Much Anxiety Just Now.

Senator Aldrich says the republicans will revise the tariff when it is necessary to do so, but as the senator manages the republican tariff programme, and in turn is controlled by the trusts, the time for revision is certain to be in the distant future. Those of us with small incomes, at the mercy of high trust prices, have seen the necessity for tariff reform ever since the combines boosted prices beyond the ability of the poor man to pay. The Rockefeller group of industrial trusts, with whom Senator Aldrich is connected, will hardly consider it necessary to revise the tariff, unless to raise it to a higher plane. The last republican platform for Iowa declared that "Duties that are too low should be increased, and duties that are too high should be decreased." That was the plank adopted to compromise the difference between Gov. Cummins and "the standpatters," so that each could point to it with pride. The followers of Gov. Cummins who believe that the tariff shelters trusts, could quote that part of the plank which promises that if duties were too high, and were fostering the trusts and allowing them to rob the Iowa farmers, the duties would be reduced. The standpatters, on the other hand, who proclaim that high duties bring prosperity, doubtless feel that still higher duties would bring about even greater prosperity. But this juggling with words that gave both factions a chance to approve the platform, did not lead to any revison of the tariff by congress, and, in fact, the Iowa delegation, led by Senator Allison, agreed to "let well enough alone." That is, the trusts and corporations had more influence with congressmen than their constituents, for Gov. Cummins, who believes in tariff reform, was elected by a large majority, which shows that most of the people of Iowa favored revision.

The republican leaders are now trying to agree on tariff and trust planks to be incorporated in the platform to be adopted at Chicago, and the same juggling with words that will allow both factions to stand on the platform is certain to be presented to the voters. Senators Aldrich and Lodge are said to be preparing the planks, under the close supervision of President Roosevelt, and the voter that will not be able to find what he wants will be hard to please.

Yet the fact remains that the protectionists and trust interests will write the platform, and also control the action of the republican national convention, and as every revision of the tariff by the republicans has resulted in increasing duties, it is certain that if the republican party wins the election it will not be considered necessary to revise the tariff, and more certain that if any revision is attempted the protection the trusts now enjoy will be maintained. Dun's inuex figures for May show that high prices for all the necessaries of life are still maintained, and yet wages are declining, with a vast number of workers unemployed, and many important industries running on short time, and yet the high tariff, which the republicans declare produces prosperity, is in full working order. The price of many farm products is falling, and yet the cost of living shows but little, if any, decrease. The beef trust, the coal trust, the salt trust, the oil trust, the sugar trust, and the minor combinations, are paying large dividends, fostered in most cases by the protection the tariff gives them.

It would seem, therefore, Senator Aldrich to the contrary notwithstanding, the republican national platform should declare when the traiff will be revised, and if the revision shall provide for higher or lower duties, especially on trust products.

No Reciprocity for Oligarchs.

Reciprocity was a moderate enough compromise in the interest of the overcharged American consumer and hampered American manufacturer as well. Its expediency and justice were recognized by so eminent a protectionist as William McKinley, and, there can be no doubt, are to-day recognized by a majority of the members of the republican party. But the trust-bound leaders of the party, under the oligarchy in which Aldrich acts as chief director, will not yield this grain of common sense and common honesty, being determined to hold to the tariff policy of loot and scuttle for present day monopoly gains, no matter how much the purchasing public is beggared or what the menace to the future of the country.—Atlanta Constitution.

Why Not Turn Teddy Out?

Roosevelt's administration has cost so much that if the sums appropriated were divided into ten-dollar bills, placed end to end, the earth could be belted and 6,000 miles be left. If he should be given four years more he would very easily make a new record in extravagant expenditures. Why not turn Teddy out? Prior to his occupancy of the white house the United States treasury has never been considered merely as a thing to be played with.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

CHARLES S. DENEEN GETS NOMINATION

Illinois State's Attorney Chosen For Governor By Republicans.

GOVERNOR YATES WITHDRAWS

The End Came on the Seventy-Ninth Ballot, After Almost a Month of Hard Electioneering.

Springfield, Ill., June 4.—By making a combination with Charles S. Deneen, L. Y. Sherman, Howland J. Hamlin and John H. Pierce, Gov. Yates broke the deadlock in the republican state convention and brought about the nomination of Deneen for governor. The nomination was made on the seventy-ninth ballot, which stood:

Deneen	957½
Lowden	532½
Warner	21
Yates	1

The combination was the result of a series of conferences which were held last Monday, and which were participated in by Yates, Deneen, Hamlin, Sherman and Pierce. The agreement had not been consummated when the convention met at ten o'clock Friday morning, and the Yates and Deneen people forced a recess until 2 p. m.

Then the parties to the combination met and finally agreed upon Deneen as the candidate. When the convention reconvened, Yates, Hamlin and Sherman withdrew their names from the consideration of the delegates and urged their friends to vote for Deneen.

When the seventy-ninth roll call was ordered, and Adams county led off with "one vote for Yates and nineteen for Deneen," the wildest excitement prevailed. As the call proceeded it became evident that the new combination in Illinois politics would win, but the original Lowden men, for the most part, remained firm and went to defeat with him.

When the call was complete, Lowden moved to make the nomination unanimous, and Chairman Cannon declared the motion carried. All of the pent-up enthusiasm of the delegates manifested itself as Deneen came to the platform and briefly thanked the convention for the honor. In response to the demands of the assemblage, Col. Lowden made an address, pledging his support to the ticket. The convention then took up the nomination of a candidate for lieutenant-governor, but the recess was taken until 8 p. m. In the meantime the parties to the combination that had nominated Deneen repaired to the executive mansion and prepared a slate for the remainder of the ticket.

Evening Session.

At the evening session the making up of the ticket was rapidly proceeded with. L. Y. Sherman, of McDonough, was nominated for lieutenant-govenor; James A. Rose, of Golconda (present incumbent) for secretary of state; Len Small, of Kankakee, for state treasurer; James Cullough, of Champaign (present incumbent), for state auditor; W. H. Stead, of Ottawa, for attorney-general.

The following nominations were made for university trustees:

Mrs. Mary E. Busey, Champaign; Charles Davidson, Chicago; W. L. Abbott, Chicago.

The ticket went through according to the slate agreed upon at the executive mansion conference, except in the case of B. M. Chiperfield, whom W. H. Stead defeated for attorney-general.

The following were elected to be members at large of the state central committee:

Homer J. Tice, James S. Neville, Solon Philbrick, J. B. McFatrick, Edward H. Wright, Clarance Buck and Scott Cowan.

At 11:46 the convention adjourned sine die.

LYNCHING FOLLOWS MURDER

Prominent White Planter of Greenville, Miss., is Killed By Negroes.

Greenville, Miss., June 4.—This section is much excited over the murder of a planter and his manager by negroes and the lynchings which followed. John Simms, a prominent white planter of Trail Lake, and Wm. Cato, his manager, were killed by two negroes in a dispute over a trivial matter. The negroes, whose names are Samuel Clark and Van Horn, escaped, but Horn was captured later and taken to Leland, where he was lynched. Clark was not captured by the posse, but returned to Trail Lake, where he was shot and killed by Mr. Crow, the bookkeeper for Planter Simms. The posse which arrested Horn shot and killed another negro named Mayfield, probably thinking he was Clark.

Houston Street Car Strike.

Houston, Tex., June 4.—The street car company started the operation of its cars Friday with non-union men. While stoning cars, several strike sympathizers were attacked by strike breakers and two men seriously injured.

Patrick King Indicted.

Chicago, June 4.—Patrick J. King, alleged head of the policy ring in Chicago, was indicted for violation of the lottery laws. Indictments were voted also against a dozen other alleged prominent gamblers.

Appointed By the President.

Washington, June 4.—Frank A. Rantze was, on Friday, appointed agent at the Osage Indian agency in Oklahoma. He is a resident of Enid, Okla., and was captain of a company of rough riders during the Spanish war. His selection was made by the president.

Secretary Hitchcock Returns.

Washington, June 4.—Secretary Hitchcock has returned to Washington, after an absence of ten days spent at the St. Louis exposition.